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1910

For Freedom

BY

WILL ATKINSON

1919

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By
WILL ATKINSON.

Metropolitan Press, Seattle, U. S. A.

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To My Mother

"Happy he
With such a mother; faith in womankind
Beats with his blood, and trust in all things high
Comes easy to him, and tho' he trip and fall
He shall not blind his soul with clay."



RAGGED HEROES

*From the Hungarian of Alexander Petofi.
Rendered Into English Verse by
Alice Stone Blackwell.*

I, too, could dress my verses up
In rhymes and metres fair,
As fits when we go visiting
In fashion's pomp and glare.

But my thoughts are not idle youths
Who for amusement live,
To go, in gloves and well-curled locks,
Calls to receive and give.

No sword rings now, no cannon booms;
Dim rust has quenched their rage;
Yet war goes on; instead of swords,
Ideas the battle wage.

Among your warriors, O my Time!
I combat as I can.
'Tis by my poems I contend;
Each is a fighting man.

Ragged but valiant lads are they,
All brave in battle's press.
A soldier's duty is performed
By courage, not by dress.

Whether my poems will survive
I do not ask at all;
If in this battle they perchance
Must perish, let them fall.

This book that holds my dead ideas
E'en then will sacred be,
Because of heroes 'tis the grave
Who died for Liberty!

TO CRITICS

If ye like not rhyme or meter,
Think! The truth's the thing!
Other writers' rhymes are sweeter;
Have mine truth and sting?

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ST. PATRICK'S GOSPEL

This is St. Patrick's message,

“Hear all ye sons of toil!

There is no hope for labor

Till ye reclaim earth's soil!

“By Erin's ruined hamlets,

By Erin's famine years,

Hark to this God sent gospel,

Fair fruit of blood and tears!

“The pirates who enslaved me

And sold me o'er the main,

Are kin to those who sell God's earth

And so make slaves again.

“Yet tell it not in anger,

Proclaim it not in wrath,

But as a gospel from above

To show God's chosen path.

“Fling to the winds our banner,
Fair flag of light and life,
The Emerald with the sun-burst
Foretelling end of strife!

“Tear down the paper barriers
That bar men from God’s land!
Does any son of Ireland fear
The weight of a dead hand?

“By th’ tears of exiled daughters,
By th’ blood of martyred sons,
God’s Earth is for the Living!”
St. Patrick’s Gospel runs.

GIVE YE HIS DUE TO CAESAR

The Fair Christ came! The Fair Christ
passed away!

Has He no message for our later day
When Dives denies Lazarus a crumb?
When misery appeals and skies are dumb?

Oh, ye of little faith and earth-bound eyes,
Lift up your hearts and see Lord Christ
arise!

Hear ye once more the words of his dear
lips

Men's sophistries and cunning laws eclipse.

"Give ye his due to Caesar!" "Yea, Lord,
yea!

We take shrewd toll from labor day by day
That Caesar may be paid his meed of rent!
This law of Thine we keep! Be thou
content!"

“We spin the wool and weave the linen
fine
And reap the fields while Caesars robe and
dine!
We, naked, face the winter’s cold and
storm
To gather wood to keep our Caesars
warm.”

“In mines, Thy children, (who would fain
be free
To play with flowers or swim in Thy blue
sea)
Are bound to stifling toil that Caesar may
be paid;
Why now repeat the words thou long hast
said?”

“Art sure the rents are Caesar’s that ye
pay?
Were ye bid slave for others day by day?
Men of scant faith! From your own snares
break free!
Men’s laws, not God’s, bind men to
slavery!”

“Blind leaders of the blind! Hear yet
again!

This earth God gave to all the sons of men!
The land is for the living! Our earth
grieves

O'er men's evil laws. Pay no rent to
thieves!

“Ye pay toil's dues to Caesar, and despoil
Your children of the bread wrung from the
soil.

Take back the heritage the Lord God gave!
God made ye men; men's laws have made
the slave!”

CLIMB DOWN

The peril in China is yellow!
At home, here, they say it is black!
There will ever be peril to some one
Till man shall climb down from man's
back!

They have sung of our burdens out yonder,
They have told us their morals are slack!
But the white man's sore burden will
vanish,
When we get off the darker man's back!

We may drive in the Bible with bayonets;
We may set war's grim hounds on his
track,
But we'll never do much for the brown
man
Till we take all our weight from his back!

Do you wonder Christ's words merely mock
him?

That he thinks Christian virtues we lack,
When we take each week six days to
plunder

And put all our load on his back?

Some at home take pleasure in slumming,
To see how men live in a shack,
But if from suffering you'd free him,
Just get off the poorer man's back!

God's skies will grow golden with promise
God's harvests will meet ev'ry lack,
And brothers will all the wide world be,
When we get off the other man's back!

SOME CRAZY NOTIONS

Is it such a crazy notion?

John says he owns the ocean

Because he caught a fish!

Yet laugh not yet, my brothers,

It may be there are others

Who see things as they wish.

Here comes a lordling grand

Who says he owns the land

On which we all must live!

How can he own the earth?

What gave that notion birth?

What deed has man to give?

God's message soundeth clear:

"My living children here,

There is all the land

For use, but not for barter."

This is our Gospel charter

Given by God's own hand.

THE SONS OF TOIL

An answer to Rudyard Kipling's "Sons of
Martha."

Heed not, my brothers, the lying story,
Though the words come sweet from
honeyed tongue
And the light of genius lends them glory,
'Tis an old, false tale his lips have sung.

On the Sons of Martha he lays the curses
That of old were laid on the Sons of
Ham,
And he gilds his lies in glowing verses
That bid thieves prosper—the robbed be
calm.

This is his message to those who shiver
Though through their toil the thieves
are warm;
"The Lord, who came from sin to deliver,
He bids you — naked — go face the
storm."

'Tis is a monstrous tale those lines are
telling
Of a heathen God who scourges His
sons,
Who bids drones welcome to His dwelling
But curses workers, this story runs.

Where nakedness clothing for idlers is
weaving,
Where hunger reaps grain that idlers
take,
Where toilers are starving and wan and
grieving,
This is the land of the Devil Snake.

Where those who hew wood are cold and
shiver,
While idlers are warm by the fires they
fed,
Where the sons of toil in agony quiver,
Though altar fires burn—true faith is
dead.

List, ye world of the unbelieving,
List, ye he miscalls Martha's sons,
God has never sanctioned thieving,
"In the sweat of thy brow" His message
runs.

Not in the sweat of the brows of others,
Not from the fruit of others' toil,
Not from the blood of these, thy brothers,
But earn thyself, thy bread from the soil.

Look! Ye may read it whilst ye are running,
Hark! Ye may hear it in every wind,
Man's laws may mark but devils' cunning,
God's laws say heed the poor and blind.

Who are the sons who seldom bother?
Who but the Sons of Stolen Hoards?
The Sons of Toil wrest from earth, their
mother,
Her bounteous blessings—to feed these
lords.

'Tis the Sons of Toil who harness thunder,
And drive their barks thro' the threat'-
ning main:
Their miracles waken the wide world's
wonder,
But the Sons of Hoards—take toll again.

'Tis not from the words of Christ, the
Worker,
That the Sons of Hoards draw their so-
called rights:
He gave no blessing to drone or shirker
But bade men work for all earth's de-
lights.

List to the words of God the Teacher,
This is the way His Gospel runs,
“Deny not My bounty to any creature,
This earth belongs to My Living Sons.”

FREEDOM'S CALL

When Dickens came to Boston
What were the words he said?
"There are no beggars on these streets
Asking us alms for bread."

When Dickens came to Boston,
What was the song we sang?
"Oh! Come from ev'ry nation"
To Heaven the chorus rang.

"Oh! Come from ev'ry nation!
And come from ev'ry way!
Come from all wide creation!
Haste! Make you no delay."

"For Uncle Sam is rich enough
To give you all a farm!"
But now in place of welcome,
We view them with alarm!

That song rang o'er the mountains,
'Twas heard across the sea!
'Twas murmured in dark dungeons
And sung there, fearfully!

The tyrant caught its echo
And shuddered as he heard!
The bond slave, staggering to his task
Grew stronger at that word!

For we were then a world power
And our flag floated high!
For Greek or Turk or Slav or Pole
Hope's star shone in our sky.

Aye, we were then a world power
What need for armies then?
Who'd strike at Freedom's refuge
Knew he'd ne'er strike again!

For all the earth was stirring
With hope of Freedom's cheer,
Though slaves at home to despots,
They stood as men when here!

From Ireland's ruined hamlets
To far off Isles of Greese
Our starry flag lived in the hearts
Of all who sought release!

How have the mighty fallen!
Have Freedom's blessings fled?
Oh! help your recreant children
Ye hosts of mighty dead!

The men who flee from tyrants
Find now no welcome here,
Our hearts which once beat warmly
Are cold with craven fear!

Where once the wide world loved us
And watched us from afar,
And prayed for heaven's blessing
On us, Hope's guiding Star,

Now, we build tariff barriers,
Now, we, like heathen, trust
In steel and shell and cannon,
Which crumble into dust!

Does freedom then forsake us?
Nay! Hear her call again:
"Trust no more in shot and shell
Rise and again be men!"

“For ye a richer future
Than carved by Europe’s sword,
For ye a grander service
Than aping her War Lord!”

“Sweep, sweep away the barriers
That bar men from God’s soil!
Give to all their heritage,
The full fruits of their toil!”

“Then shall earth’s sore oppresséd
Take heart of hope again!
And bless the starry banner
Which out of slaves makes men!”

“BUT UNSELFISHNESS MAMMON
CANNOT BUY ”

Ye say that men are selfish and sodden
 deep in sin,
Ye say that they obscure the light that
 shineth from within;
Yet how the dark clouds lighten, when
 we read on history's page,
Stories that make earth brighten, of hero,
 seer and sage.

The palaces of Pharaoh, with cooling shade
 and tower
Moses left to live with slaves and dare that
 tyrant's power.
He left the converse of the learned, the
 pleasures of the feast,
To fight and toil and struggle for slaves
 regarded least.

He led them forth from bondage, across
the desert drear.
To th' glories of th' Promised Land, which
now we're seeking here;
A land of milk and honey; with wondrous
harvests blest,
Where slaves found long-sought freedom,
and all the weary, rest.

His laws made all men equal, nor could
tyranny abide,
Before His courts of justice which humbled
perverse pride.
Read now the laws he taught them, and,
if ye will, ye may
Learn how to lead to freedom the slaves
on earth today!

Oh, men, whose hearts are bleeding for
humanity's dark side,
Lift up your eyes and read again how the
great Gracchi died.
Yet while rejoicing in their work, their
casting self away,
Think what their teaching still may mean
to suffering ones today.

Of all these great interpreters who taught
God's way again,
And showed how weak is selfish might
against unselfish men,
Forget not, ye who labor now, in midnight
mine and forge,
The words of God's great seer today, our
martyred Henry George!

If still your hearts are troubled, and still
the skies seem gray,
Think of earth's myriad mothers who
eschew self today.
Soon shall their self denial shine, a beacon
to the world,
And man's laws be with God's aligned and
sin's black flags be furled.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES

Still are Thy martyrs dying!
Still are Thy saints in grief!
Still are Thy children crying!
Oh, God! Grant us relief!
Thy little ones in slavery toil,
The evil still the good despoil.

Those who sowed not are reaping
The grain which hunger needs.
The poor are vainly weeping,
Change our weak prayers to deeds!
Bid all earth's wars and rapine cease
That we may worship Thee in peace.

Still shivering cold is bleeding,
And blood stains Thy pure snow,
Though still our toil is feeding
The fires, we feel no glow,
For human laws help greed in theft,
And strenuous toil has nothing left.

Oh, mortal! Vain thy calling!
God works not for us so.
If still the good are falling,
And still thieves richer grow,
Look for the cause thyself within,
That thou dost weakly yield is sin.

The laws which need repealing
Were wrought by human hands;
They sanction sin and stealing
And bar toil from our lands.
Join idle hands to idle soil
And God will bless us in our toil.

THE PACK THREADS OF THE LAW

I saw a mighty giant lying prone upon the
ground,
His form was worn and wasted, his chil-
dren all around
Were thin and pinched by hunger, yet he
made no move to rise,
Though he could see their suffering and he
could hear their cries.

High walls rose all around them and they
were crowded close;
Though green fields lay beyond them, they
set no foot in those.
And still the starving children wept
though food was wasting near;
They seemed subdued by suffering and
cowed by causeless fear.

The fields without were fertile, fruit on
the trees hung fair,
The grain was piled in golden heaps, but
it lay rotting there;
Rats ran in and out the piles and they were
fat and sleek,
The children crowded in those walls were
thin and wan and weak.

“O giant, why lie idle there?” Then cried
I in amaze.

The giant slowly turned his head and
looked with hopeless gaze.

“The fields are rich with harvest, go reap
that golden grain
And give to those who hunger to ease their
gnawing pain.”

“The walls prevent,” the giant said. “The
fields are owned by men
Who need my toil no longer, so they shut
us in this pen;
I cannot rise, for I am bound and must lie
helpless here,
Though children die around me and I lose
all I hold most dear.”

Yet those walls were merely paper! And
looking down I saw
The giant was bound only by the pack
threads of the law!
We dream we're slaves to others, but we
are far more base;
Our own fears 'tis that bind us and with
us all our race!

If our own wives and children feel the
pangs of hunger gnaw,
'Tis because we fear to break them, those
thin threads of law!
God gave no right to idlers to bar labor
from the land;
Go, till those unused acres, trust in His
Almighty Hand!

The walls that bar from unused land, those
walls were made by men!
Rise, ye who suffer, in your might, and
tear them down again!
Rise, for your children and your homes! .
Take this for sign and shield,
God's laws are for eternity! Men's laws
may be repealed!

TO AMBROSE BIERCE

I must exclaim against this thing
 (Though my protest may matter not):
It was not wine (has Bierce forgot?)
 Which poets drank of old.
When from his soul a seer would sing,
He sought the famed Pierian spring
 And drank its waters cold.

Now, while our laws still sanction wrong,
 While children groan in mine and mart,
 While women walk with bleeding heart
 Along our great white way,
And find no pity in that throng,
Are there not nobler themes for song
 Than folly's wanton play?

EARTH'S GREATEST CROP

Ho! Seller in the market place,
How fares our grain crop now?
Devours the green bug still apace?
Will sun or frost win in the race?
Is it dry enough to plow?

Ho! Watcher in the market place,
How fares our crop of men?
In city street, in city slum,
Unheeded, little children come,
Shall they grow up to do God's will,
Or labor for the devil still?

Ho! Lawyer in earth's judgment hall,
Is justice jest and play?
Do rich and poor as equals stand
Before your law's avenging hand?
Art ready, ye, to hear God's call
And face His court today?

Ho! Statesmen, ye who make men's laws
Learn wisdom from the past;
If your laws yet defy God's will
And rob toil of its earnings still,
Driving our babes to mine and mill,
How may our Nation last?

PRAYER

It is not prayer when with our tongues we
say

“We love Thy laws, Oh Lord; and pray
Thee guard

Our hearts from harm and feet from
slipp’ry way;”

Then straight seek out sin’s paths His laws
have barred.

It is not prayer to fold our hands and ask
Our God to shield us from our human laws
That bind our children to soul-wracking
task;

Ours is the crime; ours to remove the
cause.

His sun and showers our yearly harvests
bring;

His days are filled with plenteous reward;
To greed and crime our laws His blessings
fling,

And hunger bar from bread, with legal
sword.

Prayer is the work our busy hands have
wrought,
Not the weak words our lips have feebly
said:
Prayer is the act that bane or blessing
brought;
Words without deeds are profitless and
dead.

Would you pray truly? Break the barriers
down
That fence earth's soil from hungry toilers'
needs.
Fear neither human law, nor human frown
That mock God's laws. Prayers are not
words, but deeds.

DE PROFUNDIS

Two thousand years the earth has heard
Thy story

Two thousand years of sin and want and
crime!

And still we watch the heavens for Thy
glory

And still we wait the coming of Thy
glad new time.

Canst Thou not hear the mourning mothers
sighing?

Wilt Thou not heed truth's martyrs
when they call?

Dost Thou not hear Thy starving children
crying?

Oh! is it nought to Thee when truth's
brave banners fall?

Beneath the march of wrong the weary
world is reeling,
Truth and right by armored might are
often overborne,
Men worship hoarded wealth though it be
got by stealing,
When will night pass and usher in Thy
welcome morn?

The weary widow nettles to her hungry
babe is feeding,
With arduous toil and care her patient
back is bent,
The earth lord takes the food that famished
child is needing
Calling this tribute wrung from want
his proper rent.

Come, Lord, and succor us! See, at Thy
shrine we're kneeling,
On this wicked, sinful world avenge thy
slaughtered saints.
Art deaf to our complaints? Wilt not an-
swer our appealing?
Beneath life's burdens overborne mark
how Thy martyr faints.

“Oh! Mortal! Vain and frivolous is thy
complaining

Doth earth not yield to toil her harvest of
increase?

Shines not the sun? Are fields not thankful
for the raining?

The seasons come and pass; go reap their
fruits in peace.

Go, clear the fertile fields from brambles of
man's sowing,

Abolish all man's laws which steal from
those who toil,

Then in freedom's fruitfulness, thy blessings
will be growing

The bounty of full harvests shall spring
from all earth's soil.

Not from God's laws but human laws are
children dying,

'Tis not God's laws but man's which
make the righteous moan,

Abolish evil laws if thou wouldst stop
earth's sighing,

End all the laws that now deprive fair
labor of her own.

I give the sons of man the wide earth for
their plowing,
I feed with rain the thirsty soil and cause
the sun to shine,
I give to labor all earth's yield for man's
endowing
Who are these idle lordlings who dare
to say "Tis mine?"

Align man's laws with mine if thou wouldst
My will be doing
And cause earth's slaughtering and pilfer-
ing to cease,
This only will prevent man after man pur-
suing
And will usher in the glory of the thou-
sand years of peace."

THE FIRE DIVINE

How felt Prometheus on the rock
When hunger, heat and thirst pursued?
When his head felt the tempest's shock
Was his bold soul by fear subdued?
When vulture's beak and talons tore
The flesh of fire's first conqueror
What was his prayer, what was his
mood?

His soul from man's cause never swerved,
Though nerves were racked and body
bled;

Listen, ye earthborn, whom he served,
Hear what the proud Prometheus said,
"God grant the fire I kindle here,
May nevermore be quenched by fear,
But may men cheer though I be dead."

Though racked my soul and my friends
fled

Kindle my heart with kindred fire
Oh, God of great Prometheus dead.
Let me, too, dare the tyrant's ire,
Who filch from want and steal toil's
bread.

PROGRESS AND POVERTY

The lightning of the angry gods wears now
our ball and chain,
We've harnessed all the winds that blow
and tides that swell the main,
Our sun's bright rays create new days
where nature fixed the nights,
And now we dare to ride the air and mock
the eagles' flights.
Yet where our grand cathedrals rise with
sculptured arch and fane
Our women feebly fight for food, and fight
for food in vain;
Our little children helpless lie in squalor,
want and dirt,
And through the organ's vibrant peal ring
cries of mortal hurt.
We've turned the torrents from their
course and bade them work for man,
To ev'ry question fate may ask we swiftly
say "I can;"
At this new riddle of the sphinx, which
clouds our midday sky,
Shall we like men bend to this task or fold
our hands and cry?

If hunger reaps, yet may not eat, our
 bounteous fields of grain,
If cold feeds still the close-fenced fires,
 while greed counts still its gain,
If nakedness yet weaves the cloth that idleness doth seize,
And shivering men, who fuel bring, are
 left without to freeze,

If children toil through night's bleak hours,
 amid the midnight's grime,
Pale, weazened mockeries of men, made old
 before their time,
It is because we fear to take the heritage
 God gave
And, where our sires for freedom fought,
 we crouch and play the slave.

Then up, be men, and strike one blow for
 Freedom, God and Right,
Our martyred sires of every age are with
 us in this fight!
This earth is all our heritage from God's
 Almighty Hand,
Take for a weapon Single Tax and with it
 free the land!

TO OUR SON

In coming days, when they shall say to thee
"Thou canst not see thy mother," dear
son, say

"I see her in the foam capped waves at sea
Whose white souls may not vie with hers;
She shed all troubles as the sea sheds spray;
I see her lofty nature in those firs
Whose gothic arches call God's worship-
pers."

Each rose of her dear loveliness may tell,
And every lily murmurs forth her praise,
The violet speaks her sweetness in its dell,
The golden rod may measure forth her
worth,

Whose gold was heaven's own and not of
earth.

The sunflower types her faithful soul that
stays

Fixed ever to the sun that she loves well.

And when amid a field of ripening wheat
A breeze may ripple it like waves at sea,
So was the golden glory of her hair.
And all things lovely, if they be complete
Must some way in her tender radiance
share.

Weak are all words to tell her loss to me,
So softly bound in love's sweet bonds, yet
free.

Where, gently murmuring, wooing waters
meet
"This holds," then say, "some hint of her
sweet voice
Which bade all hearts that heard her to
rejoice."

If perched upon some lofty mountain seat
Thou seest an eagle fly straight at the sun,
So straightly flew her soul to heaven won
Rejoicing over sin and death's defeat.

And when on cloudless day or starry night
Thou seest the wondrous blues of Heaven's
 skies,
They cannot match the splendors of her
 eyes
Which were twin lovely wells for truth's
 delight.
Nor wealth of ivory nor mounts of snow
Might vie with those sweet breasts that
 lay below,
Where oft thy head has lain; she loved thee
 so.

And if in some great conflict yet to come,
Thou mayst shed thy young blood for
 liberty,
Thank God for that; and though no mar-
 tial drum
Nerve thee for death, then, to thine inner
 ear
Shall come thy mother's voice; hark well
 to hear,
"This bliss, dear son, I've asked that
 Heaven grant me,"
Then nobly die, because she lives in thee.

GRIT

When the bugles ring out their wild challenge

And bid us charge straight for the wall
How little we care for the danger,

How dances our blood at the call,
We spur at the ramparts together
And shrink not though brothers may fall.

But when the black midnight awakes us

To face some stark danger alone,
How fares it with you then, my brother,
Can you stifle the sound of your groan,
And bravely meet odds, though appalling.
And wounded make never a moan?

And when the black steeds of disaster

Come galloping down the dark glen,
And ever they come, fast and faster
And you are alone with them then,
In those anguished hours are you master
With your courage unnoted by men?

When lonely and heartsick with anguish
Can you listen to some brother's tale
And bid him work on and be cheerful
And smother your own heart's sad wail?
Can you bid him meet fate with high
courage
Though the star of your hope has grown
pale?

Yet frail women, whom shadows make
fearful,
Who shudder at danger and pain,
And at mere thought of bloodshed are
tearful
Can brace up our courage again
And help us face fate and be cheerful,
Then why of men's grit are we vain?

TYRANNY OR LIBERTY

Two roads there are which lie before us
plain :

Two roads, whose end all who look long
may see ;

The one leads back to tyranny and pain,
And one leads on to blessed liberty.

Signposts there are ; some made by faltering
men

Whose vision never rose 'bove mire and
clod ;

And some there are which stir men's souls
again

For they were painted by the hand of God !

Restrictions are the weapons tyrants wield :
Not by their use may we make all men free :
We must abolish laws which are crime's
shield

If we would end all war and tyranny.

We have forged paper fetters for God's
soil!

We bar the unused earth from hungry
men!

We must release these lands to those who
toil

And give them back their heritage again.

We must abolish! Let God's laws have
sway!

Wipe out men's laws which work but evil
still!

Then, then, shall dawn that brighter, fairer
day,

When man, unhindered, shall work out
God's will!

TO SOURDOUGHS

You have climbed sky tow'ring glaciers
 You have mushed in through the snow
You have learned the lore of ages
 Only the brave may know ;
You have forced from Death his secrets
 Though he buffets you about,
Yet the Guggenheims will get you
 If you don't watch out.

You may win your game with Fortune
 Though you know Death cogs the Dice,
You have left behind the sunshine
 To face bleak worlds of ice,
You have conquered myriad perils,
 Undeterred by fear or doubt
But the Guggenheims will get you
 If you don't watch out.

More treacherous than the river,
Where the thin ice masks its flow,
Far keener than the wolf's sharp fangs,
Colder than sleet or snow,
Is their devouring maw of greed,
More cruel than the knout,
For the Guggenheims have got you
If you don't watch out.

Their methods are the wolf pack's,
Their morals are the sty's,
They wring their gold from famine
And heed not hunger's cries.
Oh, Alaskans, rise and fight them,
Drive their hireling crew to rout,
Such thieves are only dangerous
When you don't watch out.

COME, LAMP OF GOD

“Come, Lamp of God and light
The darkness of our earth!
Make life’s dim corners bright
With a celestial birth,
For sorrow, sin and strife shall reign
Till Thou dost claim Thine own again.

Come, Lamp of God, we must
Test our crude laws by Thee!
Oh, teach us to be just!
We dwell in slavery.
If Thy light in our eyes should burn
For perfect truth our hearts would yearn.

Come, Lamp of God, the sky
Is black with human woe,
They twist Thy laws awry
Who reap, yet do not sow.
Oh, teach us to be brothers just
Ere all our frames dissolve in dust.

ALASKA'S CALL

Strong arms and stouts hearts,

List to fair Alaska's call!

"Here's welcome to the willing!

Here is room and wealth for all!

"Yours—come reach out and take them—

Are the fish that swim my seas!

Yours my gold and tin and copper—

Come and share my wealth of these!

"Not alone on sea and mountain

Are there fortunes to be won;

I have fields that need but tilling

And their gold outshines the sun!

"There are millions of my acres

Where now but wild grass waves,

To make homes for sturdy freemen;

Will ye linger south as slaves?"

Strong arms and stout hearts,

List to fair Alaska's call!

Here a royal realm awaits you!

Here is room and wealth for all!

WHEN LOVE ONCE COMES.

When Love once comes, love comes to stay
forever,

Heed not the idle tales that Love may
fade away.

When Love once comes, he comes to part,
ah, never!

He'll be your constant guest, forever and
a day.

Love's not all immortal and Love sometimes
may sleep,

When he sleeps, you may dream, that
Love has fled away,

Let not your heart be troubled, drink not
of grief too deep,

For Love shall waken blithely when
dawns our bright new day.

Fancies come a trooping when distance fond
 hearts sever,
Sordid cares and worries may fright our
 love awhile,
But there's nothing earthly may part true
 hearts forever,
You'll banish all your worries if you greet
 them with a smile.

Hand in hand we've walked adown Love's
 flower bordered alleys,
Bitterness and woe have fled the sun-
 shine of your smile;—
True happiness still waits us in violet
 studded valleys,
Soon we'll cross care's mountains and
 linger there awhile.

TO JUNE

Dear love, our rugged English speech
Is all too cold and harsh and rough
To speak my love. It cannot reach
Love's height divine, nor tell enough
The rapturous ecstasy I feel.
Teach me, sweet, the heavenly lore
Of thy true eyes, whose depths reveal
Love's wealth, which I knew not before.
Then may I tell thee, soul to soul
And heart to heart and eye to eye,
In that sweet speech no lips control
I'll love but thee, dear, till I die.

TO MY WIFE

Gilder sings, "So Heaven but thy cup fill
Be empty mine, through all eternity."

When thy cup's full, mine cannot empty be
Since all my happiness is serving thee,
And all I am is subject to thy will.

If I have strength, 'tis for thy service,
sweet;

What skill is mine shall smother for thy
feet

Make life's rugged pathway: What little
wit

God gave me is but to make better fit
For thy fair soul our earthly dwelling place
Till Heaven shall claim again thy heavenly
grace.

'TIS NOT LOVE

'Tis not love, though it may wear love's
seeming

That cometh in the sun to flee when
shadows fall

Oh, shame not love by such an idle dream-
ing,

Shadow time to true love is the sweetest
time of all!

Walking close in sunshine, when all life's
lanes look charming

To flee from thy love when clouds close
like a pall,

We taste not the joy of shelt'ring love from
harming,

When the skies frown blackest is love's
dearest time of all.

DESOLATE

I am thrice armed 'gainst any storm that
blows,

My naked breast is open to the snows,
I can, undaunted, now face any fate
For thou, my love, hast left me desolate.

Poor is my purse, but rich my mem'ries are,
Worm of the earth, I dared to wed a star;
The star has gone, yet I mourn not my fate
Though thou, my love, hast left me
desolate.

Thou canst not rob me of the glories past,
Thy love may change, its memory shall last,
Then welcome death, though it come soon
or late
My peerless love has left me desolate.

HOME

Drear, drear, has been the night
With its black shadows falling,
When storm clouds hid the light
And beasts of prey were calling,
And somber shapes of darkness
Mid shadows loomed appalling,
But soon we'll go back home.

Our day of joy will come,
Oh, sweetheart, doubt it never!
Nor time nor tide nor strife
May part true hearts forever,
Nor storm nor sea nor stress
Shall serve our hearts to sever,
Some day we'll go back home.

Then bitter shall be sweet,
Lo! the day is drawing nearer,
Guard now your stumbling feet
The dawn will soon shine clearer!
There's the lark's song now,
Open wide your heart to hear her!
We're going back home!

NOR TIME NOR TIDE

Nor time, nor tide
Nor distance then shall keep
Thy loving heart from mine in days to
come.

When I lie down to sleep
'Neath the soft grasses closely by thy side
Thine eyes shall speak, though thy dear
lips stay dumb.

Canst thou not see
Through Death's obscuring veil,
How my heart yearns for thy soft loving
touch?

Though I succeed, I fail,—
For I lack everything while wanting thee,
But must plod patient on, enduring much.

This hope endures
Thy love outlasts all things,
E'en death cannot o'er thy sweet love
prevail,

Wealth flies on unseen wings,
Dangers thicken, friends flee, yet nought
obscures

Thy love; that shall be mine, though all else
fail.

AMID THE GLORIES OF THY
NATIVE HEAVEN

Amid the glories of thy native Heaven
Dost thou, love, ever say
“How brief a span was our bright dream
on earth,
How short that blissful day,
We had but tasted once of Love’s full store
When God called me away?”

From Heavenly fields and ever cloudless
skies,
From suns that never set,
Dost thou look down upon this sin stained
earth
With longing and regret?
Among Heaven’s sons—the God anointed
ones
Oh, dost thou love me yet?

I know thou dost; no bliss of Paradise
Could turn thy love aside.
It was on earth a foretaste sweet of Heaven
Storm proof though tempest tried;
Nor ever flaw its perfectness did mar
Since thou wert first my bride.

ERE DEATH BECAME MY DAILY GUEST

Ere Death became my daily guest
I had high hopes and daring dreams.
Now life is one long prayer for rest,
I sigh for her I loved the best
Who made this earth all Heaven seems.

“God knoweth best!” I strive to say,
My heart rebellious, spurns the rod.
My thoughts are with thee every day
Sweet saint, still save me when I stray
Till we two sleep beneath the sod.

MY HEART'S STILL THINE

If, sweetheart, when thou didst walk with
me,

With patient step the rugged roads of
earth,

Thy purer faith then helped my soul to see
Duty's rough pathway, — this diviner
birth

Men miscall death, brings greater power
to thee

To make my life of nobler, higher worth.

My heart's still thine; though thou art far
away,

My body 's thine; though thou art in the
skies;

My soul is thine; oh mould me as the clay
By potter's fingers, deft and strong and
wise,

(Though with its brother clods long time
it lay)

Is beautified till fit for Paradise.

WHERE IS MY LOVE?

The brooks have broken from the ice king's
power
And dance down snowy hill sides in their
glee;
The wooing sun earth's heart stirs more
each hour,
The wondrous mystery of spring is here;
Where is my love that comes not back to
me?

From death the flowers spring to quickened
life,
And leaflets burst from every budding tree,
O'er death they triumph in the endless
strife,
This miracle of life from death we see,
From death, oh wife, canst thou not come
to me?

If I walk blindly, wert thou not mine eyes?
Shall I not stumble with thy light with-
drawn?
If I should falter, need it bring surprise?

I walk in darkness for thou wert my dawn,
Fain would I follow where thy feet have
gone.

Yet, since I may not follow for a space,
I'll strive to meet thy wishes as when here,
That I may meet thee some day face to face
In that new home thy presence shall make
dear;
In that sweet hope I'll patient run life's
race.

I'll greet thy beauty in each blooming
flower,
I'll hear thy voice in every blithe bird's
song,
Thy memory, love, shall o'er ill fate have
power,
And 'guile the weary way from seeming
long.
Despite all trials, thou shalt make me
strong.

GRIEVE NOT THY SOUL

Grieve not thy soul, oh mortal,
Though sorrow's skies be gray,
This day is but the portal
To a more perfect day.

Steep not thy soul in sorrow,
But meet grief with a smile,
There's a glorious tomorrow,
And a golden afterwhile.

So, sad though sorrow's seeming
Sink not thyself in grief;
Tomorrow's sun, bright beaming,
Shall bring thee sweet relief.

MY SPIRIT SHALL STAY FREE

Though it may be I cannot conquer fate,
Fate shall not conquer me.
My body may be bowed by grief or chains,
My spirit shall stay free.

If strenuous toil shall fail some prize to win
I will not weakly yield,
But boldly meet all foemen face to face
Till borne back on my shield.

Weaklings may drift with any turbid tide,
I'll swim straight for the shore,
Till strength be spent and angry surges
whelm
And mortal do no more.

DIVORCE

The envy bred of ignorance runneth our
whole lives through,
And so there comes divorce in our lives;
we know what the old will do,
And we hope to wed with an angel and not
with human clay,
So we seek afar for new virtues and cast
those we've proven away.
But there comes a time in our seeking when
we know the old was best,
And we'd forfeit our hope of heaven to sob
out our griefs on his breast.

THE MAN WHO'LL DARE

Hark to an old time Gospel
Ye men, oppressed by care,
Th' heavens above, the earth below
Are all for the man who'll dare!

Though fate beat down your buckler
And fortune's lure prove snare,
Yet, force the fighting further,
The world's for the man who'll dare!

Still are seas unvexed by sailor,
Still evil lurks in its lair;
And childhood's crushed and moaning
While we wait for th' man who'll dare.

Are babes robbed of their birthright?
Are children cumbered with care?
In slav'ry th' days pass slowly
While we wait for th' man who'll dare.

He'll change man's laws which curse us,
He'll conquer the realms of air!
And toil worn babes shall bless him
For Freedom—th' man who'll dare!

AN ANSWER TO "THE SONG OF
THE DRIFTWEED"

'Ware the siren verses
Jessie Mackay sings,
Of men who are but driftweed
The sport of baser things,
Only windblown spindrift
Of little worth or weight,
Drifting, drifting, drifting
Dumbly to our fate.

Not for me such doctrine!
I'll swim against the sea;
'Spite its storms and surges
My spirit shall stay free,
And ever strive till some day
I'll win a deathless goal,
But I'll be no driftweed
And I will own my soul.

Men there are a plenty,
To gloss a tarnished past,
Blame their sins on Heaven
Claiming the die was cast
Ages ere the earth was formed,
But men who dare fight fate
Mould the future with bare hands,
These are the truly great.

THE LAW OF LIFE

The law of life is service!

Slumber and sloth are death!

'Tis as we work for others

We earn our right to breath.

Nature gives fruit to workers,

To labor and toil alone,

She has no prize for idlers,

Death she awards the drone.

If, then, toilers are starving

While idlers thrive, the cause

Is human greed and blindness

Which ignore Nature's laws.

THROUGH SUFFERING TO JOY?

Through suffering to joy? Through
shadows deep to sun?

Is this Thy teaching, Father? So doth the
lesson run?

Ah, no! Thy wisdom, Father, doth not
guide us so,

Through suffering to service, pain shall
help us grow.

AYE, OUT OF THE BITTER
DARKNESS

Aye, out of bitter darkness cometh light.
Long, long ago the darkness blasted sight.
The sun went down and all the earth was
black.

Yet though this world of mine seemed lost
in wrack

One star shone steady through the somber
skies

And smiled on me in blessing through your
eyes ;

And all Olympus' nectar mocked your lips.
Now e'en that star is shrouded in eclipse
And all spring's blossoms mourn their lost
perfume.

God of our Fathers! Grant me faith and
trust

Though all my world should crumble into
dust!

Help me to voice the prayer "God is just,"

Give me th' will to lift those crushed be-
neath life's wheel,

The strength to shelter those the storm
would blast,

The joy of bringing in Thy Commonweal

The endurance to help others to the last.

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